



# I WANT TO BE A JANITOR'S CHILD

BY  
IRENE  
FRANKLIN  
AND  
BURT GREEN



60



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# I Want To Be A Janitor's Child.

Words by  
IRENE FRANKLIN.

By the writers of  
Redhead, I'm A Bringing Up The Family,  
I've Got The Mumps etc.

Music by  
BURT GREEN.

*Moderato.*

*f*

*Slower.*

*mf*

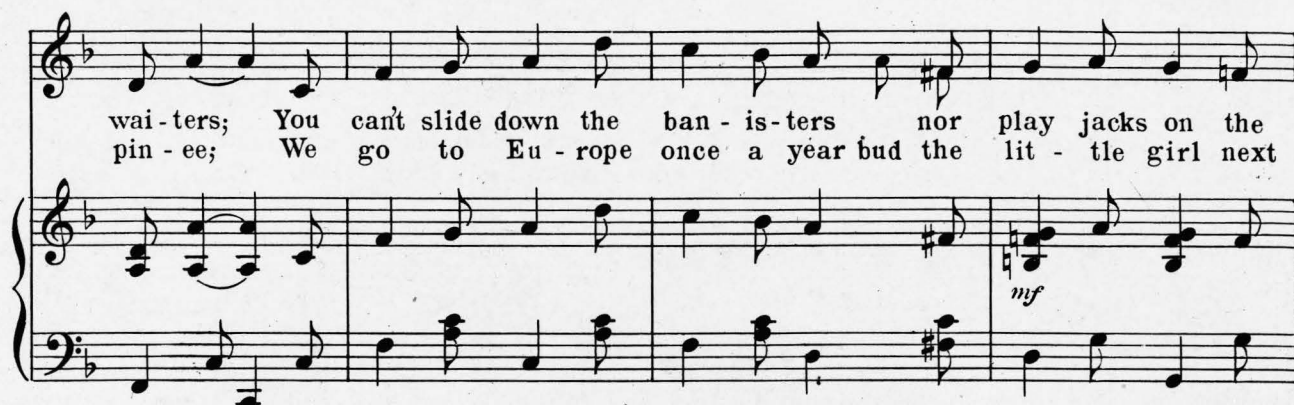
*3*

We live in a big a - part-ment house with eigh-teen el - a -  
The jan - i - tors child next door buys ho - key - po - key from a

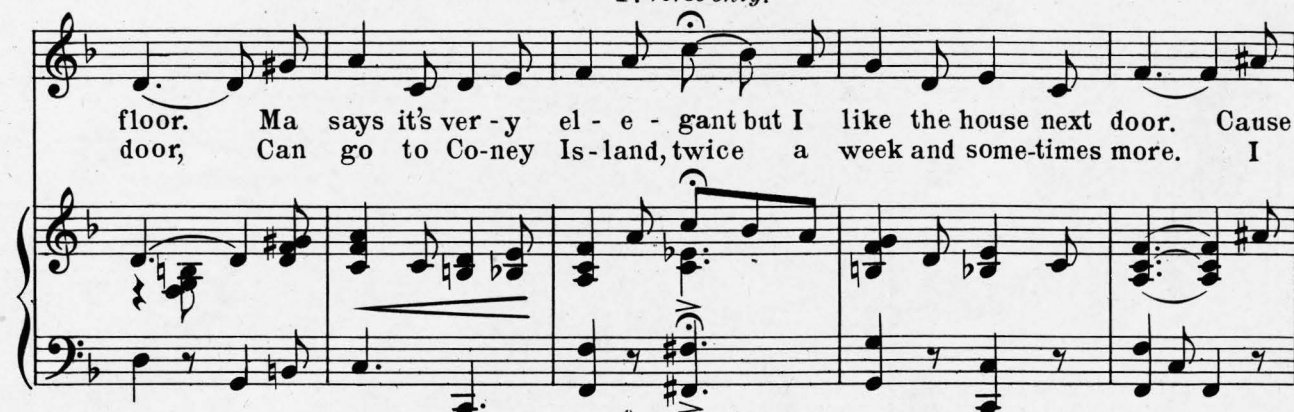
va - tors, And but - lers, maids and schof - fer - men and fif - teen mil - lion  
gui - nea; I eat my cream with a plate and spoon, so's not to spoil my

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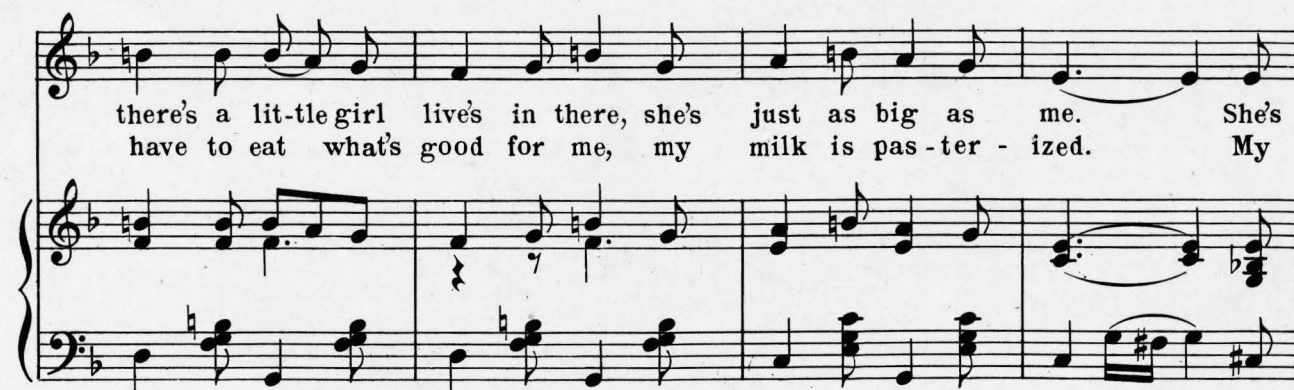
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wai - ters; You can't slide down the ban - is - ters nor play jacks on the  
pin - ee; We go to Eu - rope once a year bud the lit - tle girl next

1<sup>st</sup> Verse only.


floor. Ma says it's ver - y el - e - gant but I like the house next door. Cause  
door, Can go to Co - ney Is - land, twice a week and some - times more. I



there's a lit - tle girl lives in there, she's just as big as me. She's  
have to eat what's good for me, my milk is pas - ter - ized. My



got the grand - est yel - low dog and a kit - ten full of fleas; She  
bread comes rolled in pa - per and my eggs are scan - dal - ized; My



rides up on the dum-wai-ter, and she don't wear fussed up clothes; You  
nurse is an - ti - sep-tic and my clothes is hard and firm; If

*colla voce.*

see her Pa is a - jan - i - tor, And good-ness on - ly knows.  
I grow up to be eigh-teen, I'm going to eat a germ.

## CHORUS.

I wish my Pa was a jan - i - tor man, then I could run for beer with a

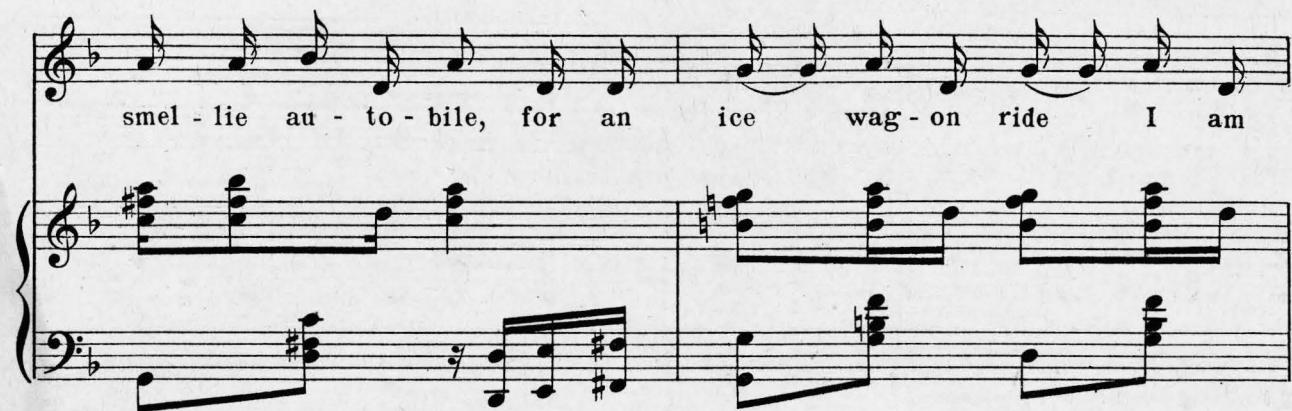
*mf* *mf-ff*

nice tin can; Sam-ple all the good-ies that the gro-cer brings,

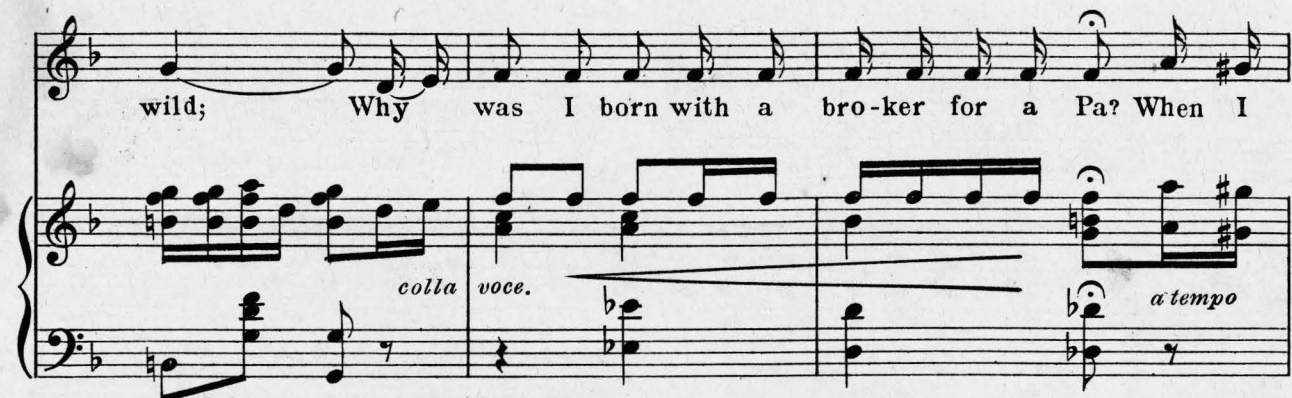




Dig in-to the ash-can and find good things. I would-n't have to drive in a



smel - lie au - to - bile, for an ice wag - on ride I am



wild; Why was I born with a bro-ker for a Pa? When I

*colla voce.* *a tempo*



want to be a Jan - i - tor's child! I child!



# 'HONEY MAN' (MY LITTLE LOVIN') HONEY MAN.

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CHORUS.

My lit-tle lov-in' Hon-ey-man.  
He sure has won my heart and hand, I'm on-ly  
wait-ing now for him to name the day, And

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## HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, DEARIE?

By GOODWIN & PIANTADOSI

CHORUS

Have-n't you for-got-ten some-thing, dear-ie? Think a  
min-ute, dear, be-fore you go; You  
need-n't be in such an aw-ful hur-ry, You're

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## KILLARNEY, MY HOME O'ER THE SEA!

By FR. KNIGHT LOGAN.

Not too fast

With expression  
There's a place in old Ire-land, that's dear to my heart, 'Tis the  
a tempo  
scene of my child-hood so fair, From its

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## PLEADING

By HEATH & O'DONNELL.

CHORUS

Plead-ing, I'm al-ways plead-ing; It's love I'm  
need-ing, When you're a-way, ev'ry day, I just  
dream a-bout you, hon-ey; If you'll on-ly, say you feel

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